

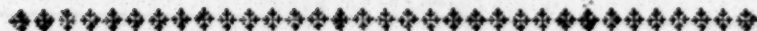
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T H E
INVOLUNTARY INCONSTANT;
S

OR, THE HISTORY OF

MISS FRANCFORT.





THE
INVOLUNTARY INCONSTANT;

OR, THE HISTORY OF
MISS FRANKFORT.

A NOVEL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

V O L. I.

BY THE EDITOR OF
THE FATAL COMPLIANCE.

L O N D O N :

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MDCC LXXII.



THE
INVOLUNTARY INCONSTANT;
OR, THE HISTORY OF
MISS FRANCFORT.

LETTER I.

FROM SIR GREGORY FRANCFORT, BART.
TO THOMAS FRANCFORT, ESQ.

BELIEVE me, my dear Tom,
that whenever my title and fortune place me in a light which occasions me to be courted, rather than
Vol. I. B esteemed;

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esteemed; and whenever they exclude the voice of friendship, and only re-echo back the empty sounds of flattery, then do I lament being the elder branch of the Francfort family: but when I see that my riches encourage those about me, to consider me as a friend to the distressed, and as one who is not better, but happier than his fellow-creatures, by having it in his power to relieve their wants, then do I consider riches as a blessing, as they procure me the felicity of dispensing benefits; which, believe me, my dear brother, is infinitely superior to the joy we feel on receiving benefactions, however desirable our necessities may sometimes render relief. Is it then because you envy
me

me the pleasure of conferring happiness, that you have not consulted me concerning our children's attachment to each other? Or do you deem it voluptuousness to indulge any inclination, even though it has its source in benevolence and liberality? Indeed, my brother, were these young people strangers to me, and you had deprived me of the opportunity of serving them, I should have accused you of a breach of friendship; but as it is, you have wounded a too susceptible heart, incapable of one selfish view, or ungenerous sentiment. Is not my niece Camilla equally deserving as my son, though he is the best of children? Then as I have ample fortune for

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both, why do me the injustice to suppose that I would hesitate one moment to make them happy? I do not merely consent to this union, I wish it; it is what I have long aimed to promote, though resolved never to intimate those wishes, till it was evident our children had that degree of partiality for each other, which must be the basis of their happiness, and which no fortune can procure. I most earnestly wish, my dear Tom, that you were as happy in your son, as in my niece Camilla. When Felix and she are married, I shall beg you to entrust the volatile spark to my care, at Boon Hall, for a little while. I am somewhat apprehensive that your methods are too severe
for

for a youth of his disposition. A plant will sometimes flourish by changing the aspect; the fanning mildness of the South will make it put forth buds, when the keen North (though wholesome in itself) will strip it of its leaves. Let me, my dear Tom, try what effect great encouragement and indulgence will have upon his mind. Send him to me; I spend but little money on myself, and I shall amply provide for Felix, whose noble heart, I am certain, will rejoice in seeing me make myself happy, as well as in his cousin's reformation; and would be equally pleased at my buying him a thirty-guinea hunter, as if it were for my own riding. He knows that I never hunt, but after

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opportunities of being serviceable to my fellow-creatures. And herein, my dear Tom, whether for yourself or friends, you may at all times with confidence command

Your affectionate Brother,

G. FRANCEFORT.

LET-

LETTER II.

FROM THOMAS FRANCFORT, ESQ. TO
SIR GREGORY FRANCFORT, BART.

Dear Brother,

HEAVEN grant that the generous
warmth of thy benevolent and
unsuspecting heart, may be never
damped by the misconduct of a son.
You seem to accuse me of severity to-
wards mine, but what will you say,
when I affirm that I am never more
uneasy on his account, than when his
behaviour is the most irreproachable;

B 4

for

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for by sad experience I am taught that he is never harmless, much less capable of any honest or virtuous action, but as the means to attain some vile purpose; and whenever he, for a few days, wears the semblance of honour and humanity, I know it to be the certain omen of some dark mischief labouring in his breast. Yet on these occasions I am forced to be the dupe of his hypocrisy, that I may not incur, with the appearance of justice, the charge of severity. I am at this moment, my dear Sir Gregory, a prey to a thousand heart-rending fears. He has behaved unexceptionably, and been constantly at home for above a week, which is a much longer space
of

of time than he can easily submit to wear the bonds of decency and decorum; which, however easy they may fit upon *your* son, are to mine a galling yoke, which I look for him daily to throw off. The moment I apprehend is now nigh; the storm has long been gathering; heaven grant it falls not on the innocent and defenceless frame of my Camilla. Why did I trust her with that designing boy? He has obtained permission to drive her out in his phæton, and my foreboding mind grieves not to have refused what it so reluctantly granted. I have not yet mentioned to her your generous intentions, lest her gratitude should be conspicuous to her brother, whom I

TO THE INVOLUNTARY INCONSTANT:

have but too much reason to doubt, would be sufficiently diabolical to attempt to circumvent her happiness, either to promote his interest, or gratify his malice; but if she returns safe and well, I will take some speedy opportunity of mentioning it to her: and knowing, my dear brother, the goodness of your heart, I hope your generosity will find the only reward you would be capable of tasting; viz. the felicity of this young couple, who, according to the opinion I have formed of their inclinations and sentiments, will be no less joyful than grateful on this occasion. All I can say in answer to your kindness concerning my son, is, that if he merited any proportion

THE INVOLUNTARY INCONSTANT. II

tion of that kind esteem you discover
for him, he would not be so much a
stranger to that of his offended father,
and

Your very affectionate Brother,

T. FRANCFORT.

B 6

L E T-

LETTER III.

FROM THE MARQUIS OF D***, TO
THOMAS FRANCFORT, ESQ.

Southern Lodge.

S I R,

I Make no doubt but you are under the most dreadful apprehensions, and suffering the deepest concern for the loss of your beautiful and engaging daughter. I was so fortunate last night as to be able to rescue her from the hands of a young gentleman, who
seemed

seemed not only undeserving of so much merit and beauty, but was even insensible that his lovely companion (for I cannot call her his charge, as he took no care of her) was possessed of either: but it was owing to this insensibility, or rather inebriety, (for no man in his senses could be insensible to the perfections of a Lady like Miss Francfort) that I was enabled to carry off what he set so little value on. But, Sir, you must be distracted not to learn in a more circumstantial manner the particulars concerning your daughter; therefore, as briefly as I can, I will endeavour to inform you of the part I acted, which I hope will not be displeasing to you.—I was returning from
York

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York to London, and proposing to rest that night upon the road, I stopped at St. Alban's; and as I entered the door of the inn, and was making some trifling enquiries of the hostess relative to accommodations, a young Lady rushed out of a room in the agonies of grief and despair, and running up to me with an unfolded letter in her hand, cried, "Save me, save me, oh! Sir, if you have any pity, do protect me!" I took her by the hand, and leading her back into the room from whence she came, asked if she would permit me to lock the door, to prevent our being interrupted in those commands she would be pleased to honour me with. Miss Francfort approving the caution,

caution, and being a little recovered by the prospect of re-gaining her liberty, consented, presenting me with the letter she had in her hand, saying, at the same time, "I am sorry, Sir, it
 " is requisite for my safety, that I
 " should expose the wickedness of my
 " brother, but I cannot better explain
 " my unfortunate situation, than by
 " begging your perusal of this letter."
 It was as follows:

" DEBTS of honour, you know,
 " Sir George, must be paid; if it was
 " not for that word *must*, rat me if I
 " know what would become of your
 " demand upon me for the five thou-
 " sand pounds I lost to you last Sun-
 " day.

“ day. I am sensible that you rely
 “ upon my honour; you always have
 “ been paid, and it is not material to
 “ you whether I come by the money
 “ honestly or not: but may I be shot,
 “ if this is not such a damn’d large
 “ sum, that I know not where to raise
 “ it; and my old curmudgeon, if I
 “ had lost five million, would not give
 “ me a five-and-three-penny piece to-
 “ wards paying it. I am no mer-
 “ chant, nor have I any valuable com-
 “ modities to remit, unless you will
 “ take Camilla; but not in part of pay-
 “ ment neither: I remember you once
 “ said, that you would give ten thou-
 “ sand pounds to obtain her in an ho-
 “ nourable way; therefore, if you have

“ NO.

“ not alter’d your mind, give me in
 “ hand two thousand pounds, which,
 “ added to my debt, will be but seven,
 “ and thus, if you are in earnest, you’ll
 “ save three; and I suppose the old
 “ gentleman will be glad to give her
 “ something afterwards, though he
 “ would not hear of your late proposal.
 “ I will engage to deliver her to you
 “ in the following manner: I will in-
 “ vite her to ride out with me in the
 “ phaeton, and will carry her a confi-
 “ derable distance from home; then
 “ will I find an excuse to send back the
 “ servant, after which precaution, the
 “ first convenient bank I descry, I will
 “ take care to drive against it, and
 “ gently overthrow the chaise, not so
 “ as

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“ as to hurt either myself or her, tho’
“ I shall pretend to be stunn’d by the
“ fall, and will remain as in a state of
“ insensibility, till you appear and
“ order me to be carried to a public
“ house. Now need I further instruct
“ you what part you are to act? She
“ must accept of you to drive her
“ home; encourage the horses, they
“ will presently run away with you,
“ and play the devil; alors, my boy!
“ you have nothing to do but to swear
“ its the first time that any horses got
“ the better of you; call me a mad fel-
“ low; and as it will be by the time
“ all this is transacted quite dusk, if
“ not dark, insist upon it that she lets
“ you stop at the first inn, and take a
“ post.

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“ post-chaise. At leisure, thus you
“ may proceed on your journey; and,
“ by the time when she arrives at Scot-
“ land, I fancy, George, she will think
“ it a pretty good compromise to come
“ home Lady Grandon. But you
“ shall give me your honour that you
“ will marry her. Morbleu! Mon-
“ sieur, there is honour among thieves.
“ If you will not determine to behave
“ like a gentleman in the affair, but
“ prefer the five thousand pounds, you
“ have only to command, my dear Sir
“ George,

“ Your’s,

“ C. FRANCFORT.”

As

As soon as I had finish'd this letter, which filled me with horror and surprise, Miss Francfort said, " You see, " Sir, how far their arts have succeeded; " and if there is any thing wanting to " represent more fully the wretched " situation I am in, it is, that you " should be made acquainted with the " brutality of Sir George Grandon, " who, because I was not without " hopes that my brother might follow " us, shew'd me this letter, that I " might know I was in his power: will " you then, Sir," said Miss Francfort with a charming modesty and unreserve, " be so generous as to rescue me from " this peril, to which I am else unavoidably doom'd? And," continued she,

He, "you may from this action not
 "only depend upon my gratitude and
 "everlasting acknowledgment, but on
 "that of my whole family, my brother
 "excepted." I had no time to reply to
 that request, which I would sooner have
 forfeited my life than not have com-
 plied with, before Sir George Grandon
 came thundering at the door, which
 he finding lock'd, and being very
 much in liquor, made him greatly
 disposed to pick a quarrel; but I think-
 ing it would be most prudent to deceive
 him, told him I had the pleasure of
 being acquainted with that Lady, and
 was making a few enquiries after her
 family, and if it would be agreeable,
 should be glad of the honour of drink-
 ing

ing a glass of wine with him before he proceeded on his journey; which he readily accepting, I left him in about an hour in a state not at all to be envied, even had he not lost by that means, so engaging a young Lady as Miss Francfort, whom he seemed entirely to have forgot, as I found no difficulty in persuading him to go to bed, which I witnessed with great pleasure, without hearing him mention her name. This, Sir, is an account of all the trouble or difficulty I have encountered in setting free your lovely daughter, who has in return made me her captive. We set out immediately after Sir George was retired to bed, and being unwilling to stop upon the road, we continued travelling

velling till we reached Southern Lodge, one of the seats of my father, his Grace the Duke of S*****, where Miss Francfort is at this time; who being rather fatigued with the journey, defers writing to you for a few days, and has permitted me that honour, who earnestly beg as a proof, that what I have done has not been displeasing to you, that you will indulge us with your company at Southern Lodge. Their Graces the Duke and Duchefs join with me in this request, as well as Miss Francfort, who, I flatter myself, you will not be able to refuse, however ineffectual might
otherwise

otherwise be the entreaties of, dear
Sir,

Your very humble Servant

To command,

D*****.

L E T.

L E T T E R IV.

FROM SIR GREGORY FRANCFORT, BART.

TO THOMAS FRANCFORT, ESQ.

Dear Brother,

THIS last unpardonable step of my nephew, has brought me too full conviction of the badness of his heart; and what is worse, our eyes are never unveiled to actions of depravity, but human nature is degraded in our sight, and the bond of society weakened by the admittance of those unpleasing guests, suspicion and distrust,

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C

which

which too often, after examples of this sort, take possession of our minds. I am glad, not only on Camilla's account, that she met with so worthy a protector, but for the sake of humanity also. If this action has brought to light the degeneracy of one human creature, let us rejoice, at least, that it has also rendered conspicuous the merit and good qualities of another.

I was greatly alarmed at that letter, which contained your too just apprehensions for the safety of Camilla, yet could I not persuade myself at that time to believe them so; you know which side my credulity leans to, and thus I thought a thousand accidents might have intervened to have detained them,

them, rather than suspect what was so very repugnant to my wishes. Pardon me, Tom, when I tell you, that I shook my head on finishing your letter, and rung the bell for Allen to ride over, in the full persuasion that they would be returned before he got to your house. I don't think it will be easy for you to imagine my concern and astonishment, when he returned next day with the letter you received from the Marquis of D***. My prepossession for this same Marquis is exceedingly great; exclusive of the service he has done our family, I will hazard a declaration in his favour. I doubt not but you intend to accept his invitation to Southern Lodge, and am

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impatient to know the result of your visit. I am persuaded your reception will be conformable to the opinion conceived of this young Lord, by, dear brother,

Your very affectionate,

G. FRANCFORT.

LET-

LETTER V.

FROM MISS SUTTON TO MISS
FRANCFORT.

YOU was hardly, my dear Camilla,
more surpris'd at finding your-
self the heroine of so extraordinary a
tragi-comical adventure, than I was at
the recital of it. And so this furious
Baronet is the pretty spark your bro-
ther recommended to you; and your
cruelty has made him desperate. I
hope they will put him in Bedlam;
for if a man should go mad for me, I

C 3

should

should always desire he might be confined, to prevent the evil from becoming more extensive; and forgive me, Camilla, but I would have your brother confined with him. Because, for the honour of humanity, I endeavour to persuade myself, that every one who commits actions which are a dishonor to themselves, and to their fellow-creatures, must be really mad; and as such would commit them to the *petites maisons*, which must at all adventures suit their case, as they would be sure either to be punished or cured. I have never seen either of these *demi-demoniacs* *Dieu m'en preserve*, they would frighten me out of my wits, and I should frighten others. I suppose

pose that is the reason the world is so mad as it is: and I think I have some reason for this conjecture, however odd it may appear to you; for I assure you, your letter *sentit un peu la possédée*: never was so droll a hodge-podge, but I could discover from it, incomprehensible as it was, that this young Marquis is a very extraordinary mighty being, and that he is high in the good graces of some folks. I don't at all doubt his being a very rational creature, if you think him so, but should be very glad to have a more rational account of him; which by giving, you will oblige your

EMILY SUTTON.

C 4

L E T-

L E T T E R VI.

FROM THOMAS FRANCFORT, ESQ. TO
SIR GREGORY FRANCFORT, BART.

PURSUANT to your request,
my dear brother, I delay not to
inform you what reception I met with
at Southern Lodge. It was what en-
tirely corresponded with the Marquis's
generous conduct towards my daugh-
ter, and his polite letter to myself.
This young nobleman has great good
sense, an engaging manner, and a fine
person, though I think not so hand-
some

some as my nephew. It does sometimes happen, Sir Gregory, that good springs out of evil. This young Lord has certainly taken a great prejudice in favor of Camilla, and as she has no suspicion of the kindness of your intentions, though she would probably prefer her cousin; yet having no choice given her, I make no doubt but the Marquis's birth, fortune, and accomplishments, will exceed her most sanguine wishes. If we could suppose her even entirely divested of gratitude, which I think, my dear brother, we should both of us be sorry to suggest; therefore, with this string of probabilities, suppose we were to venture to let our imaginations wander so far, as to

suppose them realised: if a girl without fortune, and of the younger branch of a family, can succeed so well as to form an alliance with nobility, may not my nephew justly expect to marry into one of the best families we have, with a fortune adequate to his own? They are neither of them desperately in love; it will be no force upon their inclinations: then let me, my dear Sir Gregory, thank you for your generous intentions, and beg your permission to defer mentioning this subject to the young people, at least till we find either their or our happiness requires it. I have never seen my son since his desperate attempt; how unworthy

thy

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thy is he of your regard, or of
that of

Your affectionate Brother,

T. FRANCFORD

C 6

L E T.

L E T T E R VII. .

FROM MISS FRANCFORT TO MISS
SUTTON.

Southern Lodge.

YOU see, my dear Emily, that I
continue to date from this same
Southern Lodge; and, indeed, I don't
know when I am likely to quit it; for
this charming generous family are ex-
tremely desirous of my stay, and my
father thinks his debt of gratitude to
the Marquis too great ever to be re-
payed,

payed, but wishes to convince him, that there is not any thing he would refuse, that could express his just sense of the obligation. I am not myself displeased at staying, as they are so perfectly agreeable; indeed, were they otherwise, my heart would revolt at the idea of ingratitude towards the Marquis; and as it is more particularly his desire that I should stay, I am not ashamed to own, that it is more particularly in compliance with his request, that I am here at present. But I promised when I was a little recovered from my fright and fatigue, that I would describe to you my protector, and his family, though you know that

I am,

I am, of bad, the very worst at descriptions.

I shall begin with the Marquis, as he is the person whom you seem most inquisitive after. Were we together, I should perhaps say, why Emily, he is tall; no, not tall neither; he is fat; no, I can't say neither that he is fat. Thus should I contradict myself, and puzzle you, and the only conclusion you would be able to draw, would be, that he is not any thing remarkable, which is really the exact truth, at least with regard to his shape and size; for as I can assure you, that he is not short and thin, nor yet absolutely tall and fat; as he is of too great consequence to be a mere shadow, not to have *some* substance,

substance, we must allow him to be rather inclined to be fat and tall; but I think there is a contrariety in his face, almost enough to form two characters; he has a great deal of light (almost what you may call whitish brown) hair, yet has he a dark complexion, and darkish brown eyes, which, when he is serious, you can see the color of, and they express great good sense; but when he is spoken to, or sometimes only look'd at, they become so exceedingly vivacious and sparkling, that you would think there was quicksilver dancing about in them; they are all brightness, and you cannot perceive their color: add to this, he has a frown upon his brow, which,

which, on the like occasions, is as suddenly dispelled, and gives place even to a dimpled smile.

Now, I know, Emmy, you think a man like this must be vastly charming, and are ready to cry, bless me, Camilla, what then must be such a Marquis? But, my friend, what then must be such a protector? With me, that will ever be his highest title; as his humanity, and the goodness of his heart, handsome as he is, will ever appear his greatest perfection; but as good qualities often only create our esteem, whilst personal charms and nameless graces excite love, I think what I feel for the Marquis is not occasioned by love, as I am more af-
fected

fectured with his good and estimable qualities, than I am struck by his personal attractions; and as it is as absolutely incumbent on me, in my situation, to testify my gratitude, as it would be presumptuous and unreasonable to foster or encourage any love towards my generous protector, I rejoice that I am sensible of such sentiments as I need not be ashamed to acknowledge. Thus I take every opportunity of convincing him how much I esteem myself oblig'd to him.

I don't think it would be amiss, Emmy, if I was to embroider him a waistcoat in tambour; you know it does not follow, because we cannot return an obligation, that we should
not

not shew a disposition towards doing it; and that is my father's reason for letting me stay here, which, though it is adding to their favours, I submit to, because it happens to be the only desire I can comply with; indeed it is the only thing desired of me.

Though I think it probable that I shall not expatiate so much on the rest of the family, as I have done on the Marquis, yet as there is still the Duke and Duchess, Lady Susan and Lady Caroline Elwins to be commented upon, and as I should not do them justice were I to say but little in their behalf, I think I had better defer such remarks for a new letter, so *rassurée vous*.
I will have compassion on you for
the

the present; for as a tired traveller looks forward with impatience till he espies an inn, a tired reader looks out for the name of a tedious or insipid correspondent, and as you may think me one, if not both, I'll hasten to subscribe myself

Your's affectionately,

C. FRANCFORT.

L E T.

L E T T E R VIII.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

WITHOUT waiting for your answer to my last letter, I shall proceed in my family sketch, like a bad painter, who continues to present to your view a set of new portraits, without troubling himself to enquire whether you can delineate what he had before exhibited: but if you are displeased at my coloring, its your own fault, considering, that if your pen

pen had been put properly in motion, it would infallibly have stopt mine, but now it is too late to complain.

The Duke of S*** has as much true dignity as any person of his rank can have, and less pride than you meet with in general among men of his exalted station; his grandeur of figure and of sentiments are likewise not inferior to those of any one you ever met with; he knows the exaltedness of his own character, at the same time that he respects the very meanest, if it is well supported: he regards nobility as he does the oaks in his garden, the best adapted to fill elevated and conspicuous stations; but as he would not scruple, if his view required it, to mix
their

their branches with a smaller tree or shrub, so does he not disdain on proper occasions to associate with his inferiors.

The Duchess has, I believe, naturally a good deal of pride in her composition, but her extraordinary fondness for the Marquis, is the Aaron's rod with her; I will engage that she does not think the first Princess in Europe too great to be consort to her son, and yet was he to prefer a farmer's daughter, I question if she could not lull asleep her pride; whether she would not betray it, and persuade herself that the object of the Marquis's affection was a shepherdess Princess in disguise; and it is to this motive that I attribute

I attribute her kind reception of your Camilla, for when she saw that the Marquis wished me to stay, she seemed absolutely unhappy till I had promised, even though she had but just recovered the shock of finding that I was only niece to Sir Gregory Francfort, and not his daughter.

Lady Susan is a good deal older than the Marquis, I suppose she may be eight or nine and twenty; not handsome, and no less pride has she than her Grace, but without any thing either in her temper or disposition to counteract it; she is, however, not uncivil to me, and very affable and agreeable to her equals.

Lady

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Lady Caroline is about fourteen, rather pretty, and in her disposition seems to resemble the Duke more than the Ducheſs.

Adieu, my dear Emily, I think I need make no apology after ſo long a letter, for aſſuring you in few words, that I am, with great ſincerity,

Your affectionate Friend,

C. FRANCFORT.

L E T.

LETTER IX.

FROM SIR GREGORY FRANCFORT, BART.

TO THOMAS FRANCFORT, ESQ.

Dear Brother,

BEFORE I received your letter, I had acquainted Felix with my intentions concerning his marriage with my niece; as I never delay a moment to impart to him what I think will give him pleasure, and as on the contrary, I always withhold from him what I imagine will make him uneasy, I have not yet told him what your in-

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tentions

tentions are concerning the Marquis. I hope, my dear brother, you will not force Camilla's inclination; for Felix, overjoy'd at my propofal, tells me that his coufin and he have long had a regard for each other, and that he would not marry another woman on earth; and he flatters himself that her resolutions are fix'd with regard to himself. I need not tell you, how sorry I should be that Felix should be disappointed, so I shall rather persuade myself that his hopes are not groundless, and shall turn the channel of my compassion towards the Marquis, on whose disappointment my son's happiness must be built; but as we must suffer for others, my dear Tom, it is well

well for us when they are not immediately connected with ourselves: but you have given me such a pleasing character of this young Lord, that if my son's welfare was not concerned, I should be greatly interested in his.

I flatter myself that your partiality is on the same side as mine; so I hope that you will not let Felix be disappointed, much less suffer him to be deceived, as it would be fatal to the peace both of your nephew, and

Your affectionate

Friend and Brother,

G. FRANCFORT.

D 2

L E T.

LETTER X.

FROM MISS SUTTON TO MISS
FRANCFORT.

I Have received both your letters, and am very well pleased with your portraits: you seem to apprehend that I might find fault with your coloring, but I have no objection to it, if you don't put some false coloring upon the esteem you have for the Marquis; he seems to be a portrait that you have designedly placed in such a light,
as

as that you may not be sensible to all his merit; but trust me, though by that means you may prevent some of his perfections from striking you so forcibly at first, as they otherwise might do, yet by constantly studying so finished a piece, none of the exquisiteness will escape you; and what you remark of great and good qualities creating our esteem, rather than our love, is not true in such instances as these, where they are attended with youth, beauty, and all the manly graces which you seem to attribute to the Marquis, though you vainly suppose that they will lose their wonted privilege of charming, (which they are apt enough to do without the aid of more

solid perfections) and stand neuter in this cause.

I do not counsel you against falling in love with the Marquis; all I desire is, that you would not mistake love for gratitude. Believe me, those sort of attractions which you seem determined not to attend to, are not to be resisted; and those admirable qualities, which you think are not sufficient alone to excite love, are very proper to authorize, and one would imagine to encourage it, as well as that they are such *guarantees* for our passion as we should always wish for.

In my next, I shall acquaint you with a conquest I have made; a very violent one, and attended with some
uncommon

uncommon circumstances; but I have not time at present to enter on so important a subject, so beg you will suspend your curiosity, and believe me to be your's sincerely.

EMILY SUTTON.

D 4

L E T.

L E T T E R X I.

FROM THOMAS FRANCFORT, ESQ. TO
SIR GREGORY FRANCFORT, BART.

Dear Brother,

I Doubt not but the pleasure you have in gratifying the wishes of all those with whom you are concerned, was your only motive for communicating so early to my nephew what you and I had agreed upon; but our too forward zeal to promote our friend's happiness, and that tardy circumspection which lets occasion vanish, are both

both equally prejudicial to their interest; it is no less injudicious to impart intelligence too soon, than it is to withhold it too long; the first disappoints by giving us false hopes; and the latter may occasion us to defeat our own happiness, by not knowing how near we were to the path which would have conducted us to it. Equally interested as we are in the welfare of our children, I wish we may not have brought them into this dilemma. The best of us fail sometimes even in our best intentions; we, my dear brother, are like two persons met at the same point of destination by two different routes, but at the same time both by a wrong one. You too prematurely

D 5

have

have possibly been adding fuel to a flame, which, perhaps, it may be necessary should be entirely extinguished; whilst I, probably, from too great caution, neglected to feed that flame in my Camilla's breast, which ere this, to the prejudice of my nephew, may be extinguished in favour of another. I should lament exceedingly were those hopes on which Felix's happiness depends to be blasted; but let us consider, that our expectations are never disappointed, but we gain something by the failure of them. The loss of what we designed as an indulgence to some of our senses, adds a vigor to our minds, and teaches us to place our hopes on what is more solid and more lasting.

lasting. The philosopher advised his pupil to marry, assuring him that he must be a gainer by it; for if he met with a wise and virtuous woman, he would be happy; and if he met with the contrary character, he would become a philosopher. Thus if poor Felix's expectations should decay, it will be at least a lesson not to build his hopes upon events uncertain and contingent.

You see, Sir Gregory, that great part of what I have written is merely speculative, and, perhaps, you'll say idly; so, after all, if Camilla's attachment to her cousin was so slight as for the Marquis to have supplanted him already, I think his rival has too much

the advantage for him ever to regain it. But if he really was possessed of his cousin's affections, he is secure in spite of all these little obstacles which have intervened; and, to be ingenuous, I had rather Felix should suffer a few anxieties, such as are incident to lovers, than that Camilla should hasten away from a family (as perhaps she might be ungrateful enough to do) to whom she is under such great obligations. Gratitude, I apprehend, with young persons, weighs but little in the scale with love; but I look upon my own honor as concerned herein, and am therefore under a necessity of using some management, though I flatter myself at last, it is such as cannot (for the
the

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the reasons before alledged) be prejudicial to my nephew, or displeasing to yourself, whose happiness I shall always consider as linked to my own; and you may, my dear Sir Gregory, with reliance give credit to

Your obliged and

Affectionate Brother,

T. FRANCFORT.

L E F.

L E T T E R XII.

FROM FELIX FRANCFORT, ESQ. TO
HENRY OTLEY, ESQ.

I Hardly consider the insensible Otley as worthy to be my confident, never having been in love himself; that is, unless you have deceived me, thinking me not deserving of your confidence. But supposing you not to be insensible, or, what is not quite so bad, equally sensible to the charms of every pretty woman you see, without dying for any; I am at this time almost inclined to
envy

envy you. After having injured my father by suspecting that he would oppose my inclinations, I have the complicated happiness and misery to find, when almost at the same instant that he not only approves, but confirms my choice, I have so powerful a rival as the Marquis of D***, at whose house Miss Francfort has been (as it appears to me) for some ages past. I flattered myself, Harry, that I had a place in her heart; nay, more, I fondly imagined that I reigned there; but if the Marquis has power, as I fear he has will to depose me, adieu, Camilla, and adieu to happiness. She knows not of the kind intentions of our parents, and my pride spurns at the mean artifice

fice of informing her at this juncture. She is either my Camilla or the Marquis's. If she is mine, her not knowing that my father has given his consent, does not weaken her love, it only prevents her knowing how soon that love may be rewarded; but if she is the Marquis's, she wishes not that event, and it were vain to tell her that she is no longer deprived the hand of a man, whose heart she has already obtained, and despises.

Oh! Otley, what have I heretofore advised! enjoy your insensibility, you are at present free. Beware! beware!

“Beware

“ Beware how you loiter in vain,
“ Amidst nymphs, aye, of any degree,
“ For it is not for me to explain
“ How fair and how fickle they be.”

You cannot indeed imagine the uncertain state of my mind; sometimes I am secure, conceited, happy; sometimes suspicious, humble, miserable: in short, I have no character, and wait for Camilla to stamp one for me, by which you will hereafter for ever know

Your sincere Friend,

F. FRANCFORT.

L E T

L E T T E R XIII.

FROM THE MARQUIS OF D*** TO LORD
ROBERT FILLIGARD.

YOUR Lordship has heard me
mention,—I should rather say,
has heard me speak, with rapture of a
young Lady, whom I was so fortunate
as to rescue from the hands of a wretch
who must be formidable to all women,
and contemptible to all men. She has
remained at our house ever since that,
I may call it happy event, as nothing
has ensued from it but the loss of that
repose,

repose, which to regret, were to wish to be insensible; and insensibility, even with its attendants repose and tranquillity, are no more to be desired than riches without health and a good name. But yet our sensibility may be too great; we voluntarily agree to exchange tranquillity for the delightful tumults of the breast, and repose for the restless desire of making ourselves beloved; for nought, in fact, but endless doubts, and never-ceasing fears; it is giving all you have for a beautiful and rich estate, which has no title. Pity me, my dear Filligard; indifference is a calm I have always dreaded; I have wish'd its reverse, and fear it is a rock that I shall split upon.

Miss

Miss Francfort, in one word, is every thing my soul can wish, or heart desire, did she not destroy the transporting effects of her gentleness, affability, and complacency, by contriving to convince me that it is to the late accident I am indebted for her kindness, and not to any voluntary desire to please me. Thus her smiles not only lose their merit, but their influence; instead of making me happy, I become pensive by reflecting that those smiles are not the smiles of love, but of gratitude, which otherwise would be *grateful* indeed. Oh! my Lord, had I but just sensibility enough to be awakened to the effect, without searching for the cause, I might be happy.

Unless

Unless your Lordship should unkindly persevere in holding me to my promise, I shall gladly decline my engagement to you at Oakberry; but that I may not be deprived of the pleasure of your company, which is not what I mean, believe me, but only to insure that of my dear Miss Francfort, I shall be exceedingly rejoiced to wait on your Lordship at Southern Lodge, where you will be amply rewarded for your trouble, by the sight of the lovely enchantress, who detains the heart of, my dear Lord,

Your sincere and

Affectionate Friend,

D****.

L E T.

LETTER XIV.

FROM LADY SUSAN ELWIN TO LADY
HARRIET PAULET.

YOUR Ladyship enquires what is become of our young adventurer, the Marquis's flame. Why, my dear Harriet, she is, I think, become every thing at Southern Lodge, but the Marchioness of D***; and how long it will be before she arrives at that honor, I know not, but the Marquis is as fond of her as he was two years ago of dancing minuets at court; that joy

is

is worn out, and I don't despair of seeing Miss Francfort neglected as much as poor forlorn Vauxhall. Your Ladyship would be charmed to see her make love to the Marquis, in the prettiest manner imaginable, under the cloak of gratitude; but for that, I dare say she would not permit him to touch her hand; for you know, girls who have seen but little of high life, are generally prudes, and I make no doubt but she ~~would~~ be *la bergere du monde la plus cruelle*, without this excellent excuse, which, with all her *naiveté*, she seems to know how to make the best advantage of, for she submits to a thousand little innocent freedoms, like a blushing shepherdess, who cannot
 refuse

refuse the dear swain to whom she has a million of obligations for having found her *tendre agneau*, or for bringing her an inestimable wreath of flowers.

My dear Lady Harriet, you will be absolutely charmed with her; I know you'll die to have her of the coterie; and then the innocent,—because persons of fashion cannot be impolite in their own houses, *comme le canaille*, she thinks I am very fond of her. As to the Duchess, you know once on the Marquis's birth day, when he was a lad, that she gave half a guinea for a yard of white and silver ribbon, and put round his cat's neck, because his
little

little Lordship desired it, and she has continued that fondness ever since, approving whatever he likes, and liking whatever he approves. The Duke has, you know, no pride; and Lady Caroline is too young to know that she ought to assume some, though she has it not. Thus Miss Francfort lives agreeably amongst us. Lord Robert Filligard is expected to night at Southern Lodge; good Lady Harriet, come and exert your power of charming, least this pretty commoner should bring over to her party all the *nobleſſe*.

I hate long letters, and yet I have imposed one upon your Ladyship; ex-

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E

cuse

cuse me. Adieu! Believe me ever
my dear Harriet's

Most devoted,

And most obedient

Humble Servant,

S. E*****,

P. S. If your Ladyship will come,
we will get some stars and garters about
us, and form a masquerade, or ball
parée, or something that will show *la*
belle bourgeoise to advantage. You
never was in company with one, may
be, and will like to see some of the airs
of Milliner's Hall assembly; I think
that is the name of the place; it is
some

some where in Wood Garden, or Hatton Garden, may be, I will not be positive, but it is in the city however.

E 2

LET.

LETTER XV.

FROM MISS FRANCFORT TO MISS
SUTTON.

YOU alarm me extremely, my dear Emily, with your suspicions about my having an attachment for the Marquis, beyond what gratitude binds me to. Heavens! can one be so mistaken in the sentiments of one's own heart? Is it possible in such circumstances as mine, where gratitude is a duty, and love a folly, that I should not only be weak enough to be
guilty

guilty of the latter, but to impose it upon myself for the former? I do not forget, that though I am of what may be called a good family, and have always kept the company of people of fashion, yet have they not been of the first rank in the kingdom, as is the family of the Duke of S***, and those with whom he associates. My knowing myself to be so much inferior to the Marquis, though it places me at a greater distance from his love, yet is it still a stronger motive for my gratitude, as he has not only so kindly protected an inferior, but continues to treat her with the highest respect after knowing her to be such. It is to his humanity, perhaps, that I owe my

safety, but certainly to his condescension, that I am indebted for his respectful civility; and I cannot help considering it as a great part of the obligation, that he never discovers by his behaviour, that he has conferred one. But yet, Emily, much as I should grieve to be thought ungrateful, I would not be thought assuming: it is our duty to view with admiration the spangled heavens, but the stars should glitter unnoticed, sooner than any one should suppose that I presumptuously imagined they glittered but for me, and therefore have I changed my behaviour to the Marquis, though I am in the most critical situation in the world by so doing.

There

There happens to be at Southern Lodge, at this time, a prodigious concourse of company, which makes it the more necessary that I should behave with circumspection; yet as there are several noblemen and gentlemen here, some of whom I am acquainted with, particularly Lord Saxby and Sir William Campley, who are both eternal teasers, I am afraid the Marquis should think my becoming reserved to him is on their account. Thus, my dear Emily, I, who only wish to be thought grateful, shall now, I fear, by different persons, according to their different humours, be thought the contrary, and coquettish. Also another cause of uneasiness is, that Lady Susan's loftiness

E 4 augments

augments in proportion to the number of persons of quality which she has around her; I can see through all her politeness, that she despises the niece of a Baronet, and is displeased with me for being acquainted with Lord Saxby and Sir William Campley; the latter, indeed, only an humble Baronet, she thinks disgraces her, by speaking to her; and the former she thinks disgraces himself by speaking to me. She has taken it into her head, that Hatton Garden is in the city, and I overheard her calling me *la bourgeoise*, as she talked aside with Lady Harriot Paullet, who is her intimate friend; rather handsome, but intolerably vain, proud, and disagreeable through affectation.

I don't

I don't imagine that I shall remain here much longer; my father mentioned in his last letter, that my cousin Felix was not well; if he does not mend, I shall go immediately to Boon Hall. Why do you keep me so long in suspense, relative to what you mentioned concerning yourself? Every thing which is interesting to Emily Sutton, must be so to her

C. FRANCFORT.

LETTER XVI.

FROM MISS SUTTON TO MISS
FRANCFORT.

I Must own, my dear Camilla, that you are at present in a kind of little delicate embarras; but before I determine what the Marquis will think on this occasion, I must endeavor to find out whether he is in love. I am almost settled in my opinion about your Ladyship, and if he is displeased at the alteration in your behavior, I shall know also what to pronounce of him;
for

for generous actions pay themselves in the performance, and generous minds are apt to forget the obligations they confer, rather than to exact a return; so I look upon it, that you are very safe from his accusations, unless he expects from you something more than gratitude; which, if he should, I suspect,—but what are my suspicions to any body?

I will tell you about my extraordinary conquest, which you may suppose my eyes are engaged in more than my inclination, by the indifference with which I treat the subject; and, indeed, prudence requires of me that my heart should be kept free, as my lover is so

very young and fickle, that I consider his only as a play-thing that he will want soon—to be restored, and for which, exchanging mine, would be giving a too valuable consideration. I expect, and indeed wish, to lose this trifling, or, if you please, this trifler's heart, because I shall be a gainer by the loss. But the advantage which is to arise from it will puzzle you, unless I explain the mystery, which I must beg leave to do in another letter; not because I love teasing, or to keep you in suspense, but because my little lively, heartless, careless Charles is below; in other words, my admirer, friend, and humble servant,

is

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is waiting (I suppose impatiently)
for

Your Admirer, Friend,

And humble Servant,

EMILY SUTTON.

LET-

LETTER XVII.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

WELL now, after having for some time past exercised your curiosity, I am going, perhaps, to excite your wonder. You know my heart is free, and that my fortune is what they call slender; so very slender, that in short I can carry it all in my pocket without being overburthen'd by the weight of it. Thus have I entered into an agreement with Sir Charles

Charles Vernon, (the father of my lover) by which I become entitled to ten thousand pounds, if my minor withdraws his heart before two years are expired.

Sir Charles is immensely rich, and has only this one son, whose happiness he studies; consequently he must then be averse to his marrying at eighteen, but unwilling to thwart his inclinations, and thinking at the same time an engagement might prevent him from falling into some dangerous attachment, especially as the young man has happened to fix upon a person who is of a good family, and who, he is pleased to say, wants nothing but fortune, which is what he can supply. Thus
this

this Mr. Vernon is to be my dangler for two years, after which time I am either to take him with a large settlement, or what will (I doubt) be more agreeable to me, ten thousand pounds for my disappointment. Sir Charles says, that the world might censure him, and think that he injured his son, if he gave me more; but adds, “ In
 “ my opinion, if he knows not his
 “ own happiness, he ought to feel
 “ the effects of his folly, which he will
 “ not by taking only this sum from his
 “ estate.” I desire now that you will regard me as a ten thousand pounds fortune, for considering the natural inconstancy of men, I look upon it that I have a much better chance for the fortune,

fortune, than for the young Baronet heir; and happily for me, I am disposed to be best pleased at the thoughts of what is most likely to fall to my lot. I shall prefer the ten thousand pounds, with a liberty of chusing for myself; so I think I shall begin to look about. There will be no fear, will there, that a boy should continue in the same humour for two years? I think it would be greater folly to attach myself to Mr. Vernon, than to any other person; and if you should chance to ask why I should attach myself to any body? then ask yourself if there ever was a young woman with ten thousand pounds, that had not a lover? Adieu! if I indulge any longer *cette folle humeur,*

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meur, you will think that the thoughts
of riches have turned the head of

Your

EMILY SUTTON.

LET.

L E T T E R XVIII.

FROM HENRY OTLEY, ESQ. TO FELIX
FRANCFORT, ESQ.

I Believe, Francfort, that you communicated to me your doubts and fears, rather because it was painful to you to feel without complaining, than because you expected from the insensible, ignorant Otley, either any advice or consolation; but however despicable you may think me, I can prove from experience, that you have acted wrong. From experience?—Yes, from experience.

rience. Then will you retort, " You
 " have deceived me, Otley, and I have
 " not been thought worthy of your
 " confidence." But indeed, my dear
 friend, you are mistaken, for I have
 but just come to an explanation with
 my own heart; and it is for that very
 reason, because my passion is so new,
 that I can prove that you have taken a
 wrong step.

I am going to suppose that Miss
 Francfort has for certain conceived a
 passion for the Marquis of D***; it
 must, you will allow, be a new pas-
 sion, and a new passion is to be con-
 quered, I know, because I have just
 encouraged one, which should honor,
 compassion,

compassion, or interest forbid, I know I could,—I know I would overcome. Now in the instance of Miss Francfort, had you reminded her of her engagement, and acquainted her that every obstacle which opposed it was now removed, interest must here have stood neuter, as your fortune will be little inferior to that of the Marquis; and would not honor, compassion, duty, every thing have united in your favor? whilst now, perhaps, thinking your engagement clandestine, and the prospect of its being fulfilled remote at best, if not impossible, you may have suffered the Marquis to have obtained such an advantage over you, as your declaration,

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declaration, joined to his absence, which the first would have been the natural consequence of, would have obtained over him. Think me not cruel, my dear Felix, not only to arraign your conduct, but to pronounce that the mischief is really done. I do not absolutely say that—but to awaken your hopes, it is necessary to alarm your fears. She may yet be recoverable, if your own pride be not more your enemy than her indifference; nay, what is still more, she may never have been lost, and you are, perhaps, tormenting yourself with the mere surmise of a thing, which, were it real, it is to be hoped were not irremediable.

Adieu!

Adieu! may your mistress be as
true as

Your Friend,

H. OTLEY.

L E T.

L E T T E R X I X .

FROM MISS FRANKFORT TO MISS
SUTTON.

I Have received two letters from my dear Emily; the first, I own alarms, and the other surprises me. To preserve the order only in which they are wrote, I shall begin with remarks on what concerns myself.

When I sent my last letter, I had indeed then observed, that the change in my behavior had produced an alteration in the Marquis, which I should
not

not have disguised from you, but was apprehensive that you might think it the remark of vanity rather than of truth, but it is now become apparent even to the eyes of envy. Lady Susan one day observing the Marquis to be rather thoughtful, cried out, "Laud! Miss Francfort, my brother is grown so grave, and watches you so; I fancy he thinks that you are going to encourage another Baronet to run away with you; and that his task of knight errantry is likely never to cease." Sir William Campley put himself in a fine attitude, bowing, and extending one of his hands, but Lady Susan stopt his harangue, by crying, "Good Sir William! if you love your-

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“ self, look at Don Quixote’s rue-
 “ ful face, and do not put him in
 “ mind of a wind-mill.” It is impos-
 sible to describe what I felt, and the
 indignation that appeared in the coun-
 tenance of the Marquis. Indeed,
 Emmy, I was so confused, so vexed,
 so concerned for him, and so ashamed
 for myself, that I could not refrain
 from tears: the Marquis no sooner
 saw them, than casting a look of dis-
 dainful resentment at his sister, he took
 me by the hand, and leading me to a
 sofa, said, “ Weep not, my dear Miss
 “ Francfort, I did not expect that you
 “ would want protection in this house,
 “ but I will protect you here and every
 “ where else.” Then turning to his
 sister,

sister, who seemed ashamed and mortified, for there was not a person in company but murmured disapprobation, and condemned her by their looks : “ Happy is it for you, Lady Susan,” cry’d he, “ that the Duke and Duchefs are not present. Miss Francfort may be so condescending as to forgive you, but they could not, for they know in what true dignity consists, which I am sorry to say you do not, as you seldom endeavor to exalt yourself or family, without disgracing both.” She looked displeased and confused, but assuming an air of gaiety, “ I did not imagine,” replied she, “ that either yourself or Miss Francfort could have been of-

“fended at an innocent piece of rail-
 “lery, but I am always sorry when
 “folks do not take things as they are
 “meant.” “I am afraid, my Lady,”
 resumed the Marquis, “that was not
 “our case.” Here the Duchess came
 into the room; the Marquis stopped
 short, and Lord Saxby, out of com-
 passion, began some new subject.

You may imagine how uneasy this
 has made me; the Marquis redoubles
 his attention towards me, because he
 thinks I have been so heinously af-
 fronted, and earnestly intreats me not
 to think of going at present, as he shall
 attribute it to this cause, and be quite
 miserable. I own the behavior of the
 Marquis in this affair, has made him
 appear

appear excessively amiable; but indeed, Emmy, I hope that I am not in love, and as earnestly do I hope, that he may not, for he must be unhappy. Gratitude has already tempted me almost to exceed my utmost limits; but I can go no farther;—I am under a solemn, though private engagement, to my cousin Francfort; and had it not been for this disagreeable affair, which has induced the Marquis to prevail on me to stay, I would fly from every chance, or new accident, that might either endanger his peace, or my own.

I am almost ashamed that my own concerns have filled my letter, to the total exclusion of your's, which seem

to wear so agreeable a face; I would with pleasure enter on the subject, but her Grace desires my company below, which necessarily prevents me from adding more, than that I am, my dearest Emily,

Your's,

Without reserve,

C. FRANCFORT.

L E T.

LETTER XX.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

THE engagement you have entered into with Sir Charles Vernon, though it is extraordinary, seems to have nothing objectionable in it, if his son is a person with whom you think you can be happy, supposing he should prove constant; which I don't think a thing so morally impossible as you seem to do, especially considering who is the object of his attention. I do not think that beauty and

F 4

merit

merit are entirely names, or that men in general merit the exclamation of Jachimo, when he asks, "What! are
 "men mad? Hath nature given them
 "eyes to view the starry vault, and the
 "rich cope of sea and land, and can-
 "not they distinction make 'twixt fair
 "and foul?" I have conceived so favorable an opinion of the young man, from his choice, and am so well convinced that he will find no justifiable motive for altering his mind, that I am almost disposed to answer for him that he will not; therefore I should rather recommend to you to look forward to the time when you are to be Mrs. Vernon, than to think about what other hands you shall put your ten thousand

thousand pounds into. Do not dispose of your heart till you have got the money to give with it, and are free from your engagement. Consider that your word to Sir Charles is the only security that you give; I dare say, that on any account, you will not forfeit it: but I would not only have you fulfil your engagement, but be happy in so doing. Take notice, Emmy, that when any particular occurrence can happen, though it is ever so improbable, yet if it is possible, believe me it is very dangerous to act as if it could not.

Nothing remarkable has passed since my last, but they talk of some anniversary amusement, for which great

preparations are making; of what nature it is to be, I know not, but suppose that I shall be able to inform you in my next. Adieu!

Your's,

C. FRANCFORT.

L E T.

L E T T E R XXI.

FROM FELIX FRANCFORT, ESQ. TO
HENRY OTLEY, ESQ.

U NHAPPY as I am, and my
motive lessened for revering
women, as I was wont to do, I cannot
help congratulating you on your pas-
sion; for were you even to be wretched,
you would not change your situation
for a state of insensibility. There is
something in your letter, which, tho'
it does not speak the sentiments of a
man violently in love, yet shews that

F 6

you

you have taken honor for your guide ; a conductor, which, though she obdurally refuses to administer to the sickening heart, is no less steady in her constant care of the soul's health, and the conscience's repose.

I received your warm reproof with gratitude, and thought I perceived a ray of comfort proceeding from your friendly admonitions. But, alas ! when despair has cast her gloom upon the mind, the faint rays of hope and comfort only glitter for a moment ; and by helping you more accurately to contemplate your own situation, shew you more fully the horror of it. For a moment, I believed that Miss Francfort, not knowing that every obstacle

to

to our happiness was removed, might remain at the Duke of S***'s, without feeling any partiality in favor of the Marquis; but this pleasing reflexion was immediately followed by one that robbed me not only of that delightful transient moment, but helped me to confirm those suspicions which now torture my anxious bosom. Oh! Harry, why did you recall my thoughts from the chaos where they lay confused? Why bid me reflect? Yes, I do reflect, that Camilla might remain at Southern Lodge, and be indifferent to the Marquis of D***, but when she has the option of returning home, can she remain there without being indifferent to her wretched Francfort?

Her

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Her stay then proves that she is so, which is sufficient to render me miserable, were there not but too much reason to suppose that the Marquis were my rival.

Adieu! if *your* mistress be not more constant than *mine*, may she be less amiable; that if you lose her, “you may lose a thing that none but fools would weep.” Whereas, spite of her inconstancy, Miss Francfort has so many perfections, that philosophy itself might mourn, and justify the weakness of

Your

F. FRANCFORT.

L E T.

LETTER XXII.

FROM MISS SUTTON TO MISS
FRANCFORT.

I Was very sorry to read my dear Camilla's too serious letter; for with grief I speak it, we seldom think of warning our friend to avoid the precipice, till we are ourselves too near the brink. May you be able to retreat ere you are led on the last precipitating step, and may I consent to tread the narrow paths of security, stop short of those flowery ones which lead to danger,

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danger, and from which not every one has resolution to return. But to whom must I address this invocation? for at this moment, though I have not fought for an object on whom to bestow my heart, and my ten thousand pounds, chance has presented me one, to whom I cannot refuse the former, and on whom, should he prove more constant than Mr. Vernon, I should certainly confer the latter. Yet suspect me not of acting dishonorably by Mr. Vernon; I can promise that I will fulfil the engagement, but whether I shall be happy or wretched in so doing, depends upon the constancy of one man, and the inconstancy of another. Frail tenure for my happiness, I allow! Mr.
Vernon

Vernon being true alone, or both being true, or both false, will be equally prejudicial to the peace of your Emily. Of what childish matter are our hearts composed! tender, flexible, susceptible; sensible of the slightest injury, jealous of the weakest rival, wounded by the least cruelty, and alarmed at the slightest neglect; yet with a wanton obstinacy, subjecting itself to encounter all these grievances, one of which would be alone sufficient to disturb its peace. Your advice, however, shall not be entirely misapplied; if I cannot avoid the danger, I will endeavor with resolution to meet it; I will accustom myself to think that I am to be Mr. Vernon's wife, and
punish

punish the heart that I have so imprudently bestowed on Mr. Otley: thus, if it must be, I shall only be grieved, but not deceived; and I think there are few misfortunes for which we are prepared, that we cannot bear tolerably, besides the advantage we have of being additionally happy, if we chance to escape them. Unfit as we are to advise each other, I cannot help exhorting you to follow my example; if you will be imprudent, see your error, and prepare yourself to meet those evils which you ought not to be surprised, nor repine at.

Adieu! may we be both more happy than I fear we have been prudent;

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prudent; but if we are not to be so,
that we may be patient, is the prayer
of

Your affectionate

EMILY SUTTON.

LET.

L E T T E R XXIII.

FROM MISS FRANCFORT. TO MISS
SUTTON.

THE amusement is past for which
such extraordinary preparations
were making, and I am sorry to inform
you, that your Camilla was a principal
performer therein. It has been long
a custom in this family, in honor of
the spring, to make a festival on the
first of May. The Duke of S*** has
about two miles distant from Southern
Lodge, in a beautiful valley, a simple
rotundo,

rotundo, where he resorts with his friends on that day, and to which they are escorted in little elegant cars, drawn by horses decorated with flowers: all the Duke's youthful tenants, male and female, precede them in pastoral habits; the tabor and pipe gave a briskness, though not regularity to their movements, and excited a certain *allegresse*, which in them supplied the want of gracefulness. Immediately before the Duke's car, were six beautiful little boys, drest like Cupids, who were drawn on a light sledge, by six handsome lads of about eighteen years of age. As soon as we arrived at the building, which is called the Temple of May's Queen, we had music,

music, and breakfasted, whilst the peasants danced upon the lawn. When we had finished our breakfasting, not knowing what further to expect, I was surprised to see the six little Cupids enter, supporting a wreath of flowers; they immediately formed themselves into a circle, and the music striking up, they began a delightful air.

Let us, let us, chuse a Queen,

Fairest of the fair;

Beauteous as a May-day scene,

Mild as the May morn's air.

Let us, let us, chuse a Queen,

Her breath like May-born flower;

Her brow like May at noon serene,

Or calmer evening hour.

Reviving

Reviving as May-sun's glad light,

Let her sweet smiles be seen;

Her eyes like glittering May-dew
bright;

Such, let us chuse our Queen.

After they had sung this air, they walked round the room with the wreath; and will you doubt my veracity, when I assure you that it was with extreme concern that I saw them fix their regards upon me? But I was somewhat relieved soon after by the attention with which they considered Lady Harriot Paulet, who, by her smiles, seemed to wish to encourage their approbation; and Lady Susan Elwin triumphed at what she thought
the

the triumph of her friend, when the children once more casting their eyes upon me, ran and threw the wreath at my feet, singing,

Month, the loveliest of the year,
Accept your Queen, the loveliest here;
Each circling month she's fit to sway,
But fitter still the lovely May,
Whose every charm in her is seen,
And therefore fittest for May's Queen;
Crown her with flowers some amorous youth,
And may she crown your love and truth.

Could you believe, my friend, that there was hardly present a young Lady, who did not appear mortified at this
filly

illy preference of a few children? But Lady Harriot and Lady Susan seemed scarcely able to stifle their vexation. The gentlemen, one and all, unwilling that their gallantry should be called in question, rushed forward, and scrambled for the wreath, which was obtained by the Marquis; a circumstance which added greatly to my confusion. I intreated him not to put the wreath over my hair, which he was about to do, and appealed to her Grace for a dispensation from this ceremony; but she, instead of granting it, replied, "Oh! Miss Francfort, "you are an absolute rebel! a foe to "monarchy! indeed you must submit, or May would lose its charter.

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G

" But

“ But if you object to being crowned
 “ by the Marquis, I fancy our laws
 “ permit that you may antedate your
 “ power a few minutes, and command
 “ any body you think more worthy.”

What cruelty in her Grace ! she knew not what I suffered. The Marquis stood before me more drooping than the flowers in his trembling hand, tho’ they seemed to wither at the distress they caused him. At last, raising my down-cast eyes, he out-blushed the pale hue of the hot-house roses :
 “ My Lord,” said I in a faltering accent, “ her Grace commands, and,
 “ were I deserving, I think none more
 “ worthy.” “ Enough,” said he,
 “ my charming Miss Francfort,” bow-

ing,

ing, smiling, and putting on the wreath,
 “were it a crown, I would place it here.”

The Duke smiled, and taking me by the hand, said, “Homage is your due
 “now, Miss Francfort, do not pretend
 “to have any repugnance, *d’agir en*
 “*souveraine*, for you exacted it from
 “some people before, *en tiran*.” Not
 knowing what I meant to say, I blush-
 ed, hesitated, and at last cried, “I
 “hope, my Lord Duke,” but was
 stopped by an exclamation from Lady
 Susan, who declared that Miss Franc-
 fort made a serious matter of every
 thing, but hoped she would determine
 not to spoil the pleasure of the day:
 then addressing herself to the Marquis,
 she continued, “There are more cere-

“ monies to be gone through, my Lord;
“ are there not? I wish they were over,
“ that we might begin dancing.” This
was a new alarm; I knew not to what
she alluded, but concluded that I was
to be made more ridiculous in my new
character. Indeed I had not finished
my part. The gentlemen were to
shoot with arrows, which was what
Lady Susan wished over; and I began
to think myself pretty secure, when the
Marquis whispered me, that if he were
happy enough to be able to direct his
arrows so skilfully as myself, he should
be sure of being conqueror: “ Yes,”
added he with a sigh, “ I should be a
“ conqueror indeed, were I sure of
“ success where I would wish to direct
“ them;

“ them; but if I only succeed here,
“ I shall have the inexpressible plea-
“ sure of being crowned victor by your
“ fair hands.” He waited not for a
reply, but taking up his bow, walked
from me with a melancholy air of dig-
nity, repeating,

“ And may she crown your love and
“ truth.”

After the example of Ulysses, they shot
through rings; that is to say, the Mar-
quis did, for none of the others sent
their arrows near them: thus there
was no dispute about his victory, and
I thought it was best to make none
about conferring the usual honor on

G 3

him,

him, though I was extremely sorry I was to be the party who was to dispence it. He came with a wreath of laurel in his hand, and kneeling before me, begged I would favor him so far as to put it on; "Not that my request," added he, "will finish there, I must intreat " that the same fair hand be mine in " the dance, which is all I presume to " ask, though not to wish." I could not refuse him. We danced, we had more music. What a day might this have been for any one, whose heart had been light, easy, and disengaged! but to me it appeared anxious, trifling, and disagreeable. I am afraid; but why? Should not I be as ingenuous as yourself,

yourself, and own that I have indeed been imprudent?

Oh! Emily, now I know my own weakness, I will no longer disguise it from *you*; but we cannot reveal to our friends those secrets which we even deny ourselves the knowledge of. It is now, I fear, too apparent: Yes, I have foolishly encouraged a passion, mistaking it for gratitude, which, had I known it to be what it is, I would have endeavored to have conquered; but now I perceive my error, it shall be my whole study to oppose its fatal effects; not like my friend, to arm myself for the reception of them. I agree with you, that there is something really terrible in tumbling unawares into a

pit; but as it is said by a gay young spark in a new comedy, "I may tumble into a pit, but I will not walk into one." Excuse me if I say, this is what my dearest Emily seems to be going to do, which adds greatly to the uneasiness of her

C. FRANCFORT.

L E T.

L E T T E R XXIV.

FROM HENRY OTLEY, ESQ. TO FELIX
FRANCFORT, ESQ.

O H! Francfort, compare your situation with that of your unhappy Otley, and own that I am the most completely wretched; the very cause of my uneasiness is to you a motive of encouragement. Miss Sutton rejects my suit; she has pronounced herself under an engagement to another; an engagement by which she will be bound, though she kindly, or

G 5 rather

rather cruelly, insinuated that she gave me the preference. Oh! Felix, women have certainly more honor, if not more constancy, than we have; and if Miss Francfort's heart should have wandered, you may be certain that she will restore it to you; she is friend to my adorable Emily, and you may rely upon it, their principles are the same; only it will be your fate to be blest by that firmness of disposition, which will make me miserable.

Miss Sutton, the generous, cruel Miss Sutton, tells me, that if the match is broke off by Mr. Vernon, (for that is the name of my happy rival) that she shall obtain by it ten thousand pounds; which she does so much injustice

tice to my love, as to tell me could alone make her worth my acceptance; and if that event should happen, she should not repine at the opportunity of convincing me, that it was only an honorable motive that withheld her from listening to my addresses. Yet have I no hope, for there is no expectation, no prospect, hardly a possibility, that any one in his senses can relinquish voluntarily such perfect felicity. Adieu! when you reflect on your own disappointments, think also on the harder fate of

Your despairing

H. OTLEY.

G 6

L E T-

L E T T E R XXV.

FROM FELIX FRANCFORT, ESQ. TO
HENRY OTLEY, ESQ.

ALAS! my dear friend, how different are our sentiments! with what different eyes do I behold what you miscall my happiness! How will you be amazed to find, that I dread more than death the thoughts of Miss Francfort consenting to be mine, because under an engagement, when her heart belongs to another. No, Harry, I would sooner lead her to the altar,
and

and give her to the Marquis, than accept her from his hand, without I was convinced that she was as much mine as I once fondly supposed. With such sentiments as you possess, how undeserving are you of the preference given you by Miss Sutton. I solemnly declare, that I would sooner wish to hear such a declaration from Miss Francfort, than that she should offer me her hand upon the terms on which Miss Sutton gives her's to Mr. Vernon.

Oh! Harry, it is not her honor that I suspect, but her love; the sacrifice which I doubt not but she will be willing to make, will not content your unhappy friend. Alas! I fear that I require what she has not to bestow.

How

How terrible is this uncertainty! yet
I dread to be released from it; the
period that puts an end to my doubts,
will, I fear, be more cruel than a thou-
sand deaths. Adieu!

F. FRANCFORT.

L E T-

L E T T E R XXVI.

FROM MISS SUTTON TO MISS
FRANCFORT.

IT is past! The precipitate impetuosity of my disposition is ever making me rush into new difficulties; but the same temper, with equal rapidity, hurries me back again into the right road. For the same reason that I don't stay to consider the inconveniences of that choice which I embrace, I relinquish it, without reflecting on the sacrifice I make. It is true, I have
given

given my heart to Mr. Otley, and with it I seem to have given every weakness which belonged to it; as I seem to have received with his a masculine sense of honor; and a masculine fortitude and courage to enable me to do what is right, with such a degree of philosophy, that though I cannot felicitate myself on my situation, I can congratulate myself upon my determination.

I have told Mr. Otley how I am circumstanced with regard to Mr. Vernon, and my resolves to keep my engagement; after which I told him my sentiments with regard to himself. A woman has a natural reluctance and backwardness to telling a man that her happiness is founded on his,
when

when there is no obstacles to oppose their union; but when there is, there is a kind of heroism in acknowledging it. If you, my dearest Camilla, cannot have the happiness of following your inclinations, may you at least possess that which arises from the consciousness of doing what is right. To you I attribute the honor of inspiring me with just sentiments; it is to the precepts of my Camilla, that I owe my reformation; may you owe your's to the example of

Your

EMILY SUTTON.

L E T.

L E T T E R XXVII.

FROM MISS FRANCFORT TO MISS
SUTTON.

I Am charmed, my dearest Emily,
with the greatness of your fortitude; your example shall indeed be followed, though I own my weakness is such, that ten thousand examples would not be too many to excite me to do, what I do not want conviction for, but resolution. I am hourly waiting for an opportunity of coming to an eclaircissement with the Marquis,
and

and shall stay here no longer than till I have finished his waistcoat, which, I believe, I once told you I had began to work in tambour; and which, as the company is now gone, I shall be but a very short time about.

Do not you, my dear Emmy, feel more for the disappointment of Mr. Otley, than for your own? I solemnly protest, I could fulfil my engagement with my cousin without reluctance, if I thought the Marquis would not be made unhappy by it; but, alas! have I the slightest ground for flattering myself that he will not? Accuse me not of vanity, without you can ease my mind by convincing me, that I really am misled by it. Indeed I wish

I were;

I were; but if I am not, how will you reconcile his jealousy? This morning, as I was working at his waistcoat, with him sitting by me, as he often does, the Duchess was asking some questions about the work, and I happened by accident to mention wherein it differed from one I had worked before. He immediately took the alarm. "What then, Miss Francfort, this is not your first performance?" "No, my Lord." He caught up my scissars, and darting them with vehemence through a letter which he had in his hand, kept shaking it round upon the scissars for some time; then hastily dropping of the letter, and laying the parts of it which were torn together,—
"You

"You have worked one for Mr.
 "Francfort, have you?" "Yes, my
 "Lord; not for my father, he would
 "not wear any thing of this sort, if it
 "was done by the Ladies who em-
 "broider for the Queen," "Nor I
 "neither," replied he gravely. "Pray,"
 said the Duchefs, "how many Mr.
 "Francfort's are there?" "There
 "are, please your Grace, my father,
 "my brother, and Mr. Felix Franc-
 "fort, besides my uncle, Sir Gregory."
 "It was then for Mr. Felix Franc-
 "fort," cried the Marquis. "Yes,
 "my Lord," said I, "for my cousin
 "Felix." He got up and walked to
 the window, repeating the word Felix,
 and then went and sat himself in an
 elbow

elbow chair, at the further side of the room. Lady Susan, in her malicious way, cried, "Pray, brother, is not
"Felix Latin or Greek, or something
"for happy?" "It is not Greek,
"Lady Susan," said he, "you know
"what it is, and I wish you would
"leave off being impertinent." He
waited not for a reply, but got up and
left the room. The Duchess looked
highly displeased at her Ladyship, say-
ing, "Lady Susan, you are an ill-
"natured girl;" and perceiving that I
was greatly distressed, "I hope, Miss
"Francfort," continued she, "that
"every body does not take pleasure in
"sporting with my son's easy temper;
"it is a species of cruelty that"—here
the

the Duke coming in, put an end to the conversation; he called for fruit to be brought, which is the custom here about two o'clock, and desired they would go and inform the Marquis. The Marquis came, but with a very dejected look. Oh! Emmy, how hard it is to let any one we esteem suffer, when we know that we can lessen their uneasiness. Acts of prudence are often acts of barbarity; and to shew, that we are not at the same time totally void of humanity, we must strike the fatal stroke, and fly, without waiting to be witness of the sad effects. For this reason, whilst I do stay, *my* weakness, or my humanity is such, that I cannot

cannot bear to see him suffer; but this is cruelty, and not humanity; I am not consistent, for I disappoint the expectations I raise, and shall augment his sufferings in proportion to the encouragement I have given to his hopes, only because I cannot be witness to his grief. I was indeed weak enough, cruel enough, to take up a peach, which holding towards his cheek, I cried, "My Lord, you look pale, let me give you some bloom." His face brightened up, and he said, "It is indeed, Miss Francfort, you alone that can give it me." Alas! alas! it shall indeed be done. Send some of
your

your noble resolution to your faint-
hearted, but not irresolute

C. FRANCFORT.

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H

LET.

LETTER XXVIII.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

THE Marquis and my cousin Felix are both dangerously ill; how ought I to act? The Duchess begs me with tears not to leave them at this juncture; what can I do? Compassion, honor, justice, warns me hence; compassion, gratitude, and (I fear I must own) love, withhold me here. The argument the Duchess makes use of for my not leaving them, is that I am not sent for home; it is to
the

the following accident that I owe the knowledge of my cousin's illness. A few days since, Lady Susan took up a news-paper, and read, "We hear
 " that the only son of Sir Gregory
 " Francfort, Bart. lies dangerously ill
 " at the seat of his father at Boon Hall." My conscience instantly accused me; and as I had received no intelligence of his illness from any of the family, knowing the highness of his spirit, I suspected that he was justly incensed against me, and would not let me be informed of it. Lady Susan said, "Is
 " that your cousin Felix, Miss Franc-
 " fort?" But I was over-powered by a mixture of shame and grief for my past conduct, and unable to make her

any reply; my needle dropped from my hand, and I fainted away. I afterwards found myself upon the bed, in my own apartment, and perceived that I owed the recovery of my senses to the care of the Duchefs, who was herself attending me; Lady Caroline was on her knees in tears by the bedside; the Marquis, the picture of anxiety and despair, was seated in a chair at a little distance, and Lady Susan standing idle by me, spectatress of the mischief she had done. I was no sooner well enough to judge of the confusion I had occasioned, but starting up, I begged the Duchefs I might go into the dressing-room. She took one arm, and the Marquis supported me

me by the other without speaking. As soon as I was seated there, the Duchess looking earnestly on me, and then on the Marquis, "I fear, Miss Francfort," said she, "it is but too evident for my son's repose, that you love this Mr. Francfort." I hesitated, I sighed; "Nay," continued she, "you have, I fear, deceived him too long; do not have the cruelty to deal dissimulously at present." No, my dear Madam," replied I, "I will be ingenuous; I am indeed under an engagement to Mr. Francfort, which I entered into, I believe, before I knew what love was; and I fear I have not acted consistently with such an engagement, since I

" have had the pleasure of being ac-
 " quainted with the Marquis; my
 " apprehensions of not being suffi-
 " ciently grateful to him for the obli-
 " gation he has laid me under, has, I
 " fear, deceived myself and him too;
 " and is, I doubt not, the cause of Mr.
 " Francfort's present illness, who re-
 " sents my behavior too much to let
 " me be informed of the condition he
 " is in, but I must nevertheless beg
 " permission to return home; and as
 " I am the only one who has acted an
 " imprudent part, I hope I shall be the
 " only sufferer." " No, Miss Franc-
 " fort," replied the Marquis, " I shall
 " be the only sufferer; Mr. Francfort
 " will think himself amply rewarded
 " for

“ for all *his* sufferings, when he finds
 “ that this small neglect arose not from
 “ indifference, or caprice, but from
 “ the overflowings of a virtuous and
 “ good heart, which this proof of his
 “ affection and constancy must gain,
 “ even had it been insensible before;
 “ but I have been too presumptuous
 “ in flattering myself that your heart
 “ was disengaged, though indeed I
 “ have never been without the most
 “ terrible apprehensions of the con-
 “ trary: thus I am, I own, not unap-
 “ prised, though unprepared for the
 “ misfortune; and, I fear, unable to
 “ support it.” It is difficult to say,
 whether his looks or accent bespoke
 him most unhappy. The Duchess

and Lady Caroline wept; it was too much for me to support; I complained for want of air, and hurried into the garden, where her Grace had soon after the goodness to come and look for me.

The Duke of S*** did not dine at home that day, and we spent the remainder of it without taking any pains to conceal the uneasiness which preyed on every one of us, except Lady Susan.

That evening I began to prepare for my departure, which was prevented by the violent illness with which the Marquis was seized before the next morning. Still he remains dangerously ill; and the doctor says his life depends not only on the care, but the indulgence

indulgence of those about him. How then can I have the cruelty to depart? especially when my presence might be as fatal to my cousin, as my absence may be to the Marquis of D***. Oh! might it please Providence to spare the lives of these two innocent persons, and take that of the more culpable and unhappy

C. FRANCFORT.

H 5 L E T

LETTER XXIX.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

THE poor Marquis was in high health when I last wrote, compared to what he now is; he knows no body but the Duchefs and myself, who are penetrated with grief at the melting exclamations he continually breaks into. Once he cried in mournful accents, "In pity leave her till
"my soul is fled! Yes, yes, she will
"be thine!" and afterwards he whispered,

pered, "Are you then sure he is dead?"
 "Unhappy youth! indeed you did
 "deserve her;—send back my spirit,
 "for she shall yet be mine." Then
 starting from his sleep, he cried,
 "Stand off, grim death! I will not
 "come so tamely;—give me my
 "sword, if I must come; Francfort
 "shall send me bleeding to your arms,
 "or he shall be your prey." Then
 for a few minutes will he appear perfectly serene and sensible, saying,
 "Thank you, good Miss Francfort;
 "indeed I have not merited so much."
 I will not attempt to describe half what
 I suffer: should he not recover, how
 supremely wretched shall I have rendered the Duke and Duchess; and if

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he does, how will his generous tender
heart be torn. But can its anguish be
greater than that of your unhappy

C. FRANCFORT.

LET-

LETTER XXX.

FROM MISS SUTTON TO MISS
FRANCFORT.

I Am indeed exceedingly shocked at the account you give me of the Marquis of D***. There is a kind of weakness in our nature, which often makes us feel most for persons, when they are in some measure become insensible to their misfortunes, and have even a prospect of being released from them. Your situation is equally deplorable as his is; and I make no doubt
but

but your sufferings are greater, as his bodily uneasiness incapacitates him from feeling the sickness of his mind, which is of the two by far the worst malady. Those who are supported under their calamities, whether it is from vigor of mind, or constitution, certainly feel them more forcibly than those who sink under them; as a large tree is more shaken, though it resists the storm, than a smaller branch snapped off, which yielded to the weaker gust. But if I know your heart, you will not condemn me for a misapplication of my pity, you will think the Marquis demands it all, though you are yourself an object still more deserving of it.

I can

I am guilty of another weakness; I can hardly help thinking but it would be happier for the Marquis, were he not to recover, though I know it is very possible that he may not only get the better of this illness, but also in time of the passion which occasioned it; for we often think we are soliciting our happiness, whereas, was what we wish to happen, it would, perhaps, be the greatest bar to it that could possibly intervene. I was poor, and I thought riches would make me blessed; I have now a prospect of being rich, without having any pleasureable idea annexed to money. Was not you, my dearest Camilla, once happy, even on entering into that engagement with
your

your cousin, which now is not only an embarrassing, but heart-rending engagement? Happiness is in the reach of but very few of us; but we are all indulged with a view of it, which is pleasing and satisfactory, till we are so foolish as to snatch at something which for ever excludes it from our sight. I do not suffer so much from having given up Mr. Orley as I expected; I am not unhappy, but nothing gives me any pleasure; I am afraid to wish, afraid to hope, lest from being only not happy, I should become really miserable. I am vastly disposed to comply with the passive directions of the following lines:

“ Be

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" Be satisfy'd and pleas'd with what thou art;
" Act chearfully and well th' allotted part;
" Enjoy the present hour, be thankful for the past,
" And neither fear nor wish th' approaches of
" the last."

Adieu! let us not therefore endeavor to seek for happiness; she is no where to be found; content is the best substitute; she wears her garb, and will lend us her smiles.

Your's,

EMILY SUTTON.

LET.

LETTER XXXI.

FROM THE MARQUIS OF D*** TO LORD
ROBERT FILLIGARD.

YOU congratulate me, my dear
Lord, on my recovery; which,
I flatter myself, you are too much my
friend to do, were you but convinced
that it is by death alone that your un-
happy D*** can be relieved from his
sufferings. I am recovered to a sense
of my own infelicity, with the addi-
tional sorrow of being witness to the
effects of my own imprudence. How
shall

shall I tell you? How shall I myself think of it? Miss Francfort—why should I pity her? she is in that state from which I am too soon recovered; a state, which, tho' almost too much for the weak frame, is a state of insensibility, and therefore not an unhappy one; even such as is to be wished for by a wretch like me. But how different are our situations! her angelic mind requires not this repose, to lull that waking substantial anguish, such as I now feel; for if Mr. Francfort has either sensibility or love, which is not to be doubted, the knowledge of her present situation will certainly restore him both to health and joy, which will prove equally her reward and

and cure, as her illness is occasioned by hearing of his, and the fear of having offended by her inattention towards him, of which I alone am the cause.

Lady Susan happening one day to take up a news-paper, read a paragraph alluding to Mr. Francfort's illness, which not only produced a visible change in the countenance of Miss Francfort, but made her instantly determine upon leaving Southern Lodge. The loss of her presence, with a confirmation of the loss of her heart, was more than I could possibly struggle with. She saw my affliction, and her generosity induced her to say some flattering things, which her love for Mr. Francfort will, and ought to make her

her recant. That night, unable to endure the afflicting sight of the preparations for her departure, I was taken violently ill, and my good kind mother, the Duchess, persuaded the gentle, compassionate Miss Francfort, that her cousin could not be very bad, as she had received no immediate information of it. She stay'd; and it was owing to that indulgence that I now live to record her goodness, and my own misery; for tho' I seemed insensible and irrational to every thing else, my soul was soothed by her appearance, and I flattered myself that I should die whilst she was near me. Vain hope! alas! it is neither my fate to live nor die in the presence of this enchanting woman;

woman; that latter period is reserved to the moment of her absence; at least of this I am sure, that if it were as easy to lay down at will, that burden life, as to wish to do it, I would not outlive the hour, that wretched, dreaded hour, when she shall quit this house.

Judge, my dear Lord, of my unfortunate state, when wishing for the health of my adored Miss Francfort, is wishing for my own destruction. Health, with her easy hand, will lead her from me, perhaps for ever; to sickness, disappointment, and contrition, am I alone indebted, that she is now with me under one roof; for about four days past, she received a letter from Sir Gregory Francfort's house-keeper,

keeper, to inform her that young Mr. Francfort was in a very bad way, she believed, occasioned by not having seen her so long; and that nevertheless he had made both his father and uncle promise that she should not be sent for; but that Sir Gregory was almost distracted at the promise he had given him, and had put that paragraph in the papers himself, which Miss Francfort had seen, in hopes she would read it and return; but that her young master having seen it, and finding that his cousin took no notice of it, he grew a great deal worse; and as he continued to do so every day, she thought it her duty to inform Miss Francfort. Upon the receipt of this letter, my
lovely

lovely Camilla was taken exceedingly ill; and had she not been delirious, so as to authorize those about her to govern her entirely, no body could have prevented her going, though it would probably have cost her her life. She is now something better than she has been, and has been told that the Duchess has herself written to the house-keeper for fear of occasioning any additional grievance; which news seemed to soothe her when she was told it, though she forgot it instantly, and wished her cousin knew how ill she was, and what she suffered. She talks of him almost incessantly, though she does not often mention his name. Once she cried, "Will he be happier,
" Emmy,

“ Emmy, were I to tell him how much
“ I love him? Or, as I never can be
“ his, will the disappointment seem
“ the greater?” Thus you see her poor
mind is tortured with fears; but to
those who fondly love, though with
success, certainty is doubt, and a mo-
ment of suspense, eternity. What then
must be the state of one so very
wretched as

Your sincere Friend,

D****?

LETTER XXXII.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

SHE is gone, as is the false image
of my supposed sufferings. How-
ever exquisite the imagination may be
to paint with darkest taints the unfelt
ill, how infinitely short it falls of that
black melancholic shade experience
gives! And yet, my Lord, wretched as
I seem, mine, even mine, is an envious
lot, compared to that of my much
loved, too generous Camilla. Alas!
how little are we capable of comparing
- T E I I I neither

either our happiness or misery with that of others! It is true, Miss Francfort is gone, and has left me more afflicted than I did suppose her absence would have made me; but ought I in reality to be so, when she has avowed that it is not Mr. Francfort, but myself, who am the object of her regard and tenderness? and when that man, whom I have long considered as the happiest of mortals, is now alone indebted to honor's sacred laws for a divided blessing.

She is indeed gone, my friend, but it is to offer Mr. Francfort her hand, whilst I possess that more inestimable treasure, her heart. Thus, alas! how cruel is our destiny! each of us possess-

"his will the disappointment seem
"I love him! O, as I never can be
"Turning, were I to tell him how much

L E T T E R . XXXII.

LETTER XXXII.
FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

SHE is gone, as is the false image of my supposed sufferings. However exquisite the imagination may be to paint with darkeſt taints the unfeſt ill, how infinitely ſhort it falls of that black melancholic ſhade experience gives! And yet, my Lord, wretched as I ſeem, mine, even mine, is an envious lot, compared to that of my much loved, too generous Camilla. Alas! how little are we capable of comparing

either our happiness or misery with that of others! It is true, Miss Francfort is gone, and has left me more afflicted than I did suppose her absence would have made me; but ought I in reality to be so, when she has avowed that it is not Mr. Francfort, but myself, who am the object of her regard and tenderness? and when that man, whom I have long considered as the happiest of mortals, is now alone indebted to honor's sacred laws for a divided blessing.

She is indeed gone, my friend, but it is to offer Mr. Francfort her hand, whilst I possess that more inestimable treasure, her heart. Thus, alas! how cruel is our destiny! each of us possess-

sing that which destroys the other's felicity, without promoting our own; and she too, I fear, most wretched. Accuse me not of vanity in saying this, for it is not many like myself, whose passion is justified, as Miss Francfort justifies mine; and if by chance we fix our affections upon any one undeserving, the heart proves the same sensations at being separated from its beloved object, as if it were an object the most worthy. My heart hardly dares complain for itself, after she has pronounced a sentence so favourable, tho' so ill-fated: but I cannot even be comforted, and must repine at the misfortunes of her whom my soul adores. I once sighed at the thoughts of her
happiness

happinefs being purchafed with the
lofs of mine; how gladly would I now
relinquish all pretentions to it, to calm
the anguish of her dear mind! But,
alas! our happinefs depends not upon
each other, though her misery will
heighten even to madness, that of

Your Friend,

D***.

LETTER XXXIII.

FROM SIR GREGORY FRANCFORT, BART.
TO THOMAS FRANCFORT, ESQ.

WE are not, my dear brother, any
of us more at ease than when
you left us; my son is still very ill,
and still declines the hand of my niece,
as he is so unfortunate as not to pos-
sess her heart. Camilla, though her
felicity depends upon her hand and
heart going together, yet generously
persists, not only in offering the former,
but in wishing that she had the latter
to

to bestow. It is some consolation to reflect, in the midst of our troubles, that there is an interior principle of virtue, which rises up in every tolerably well-disposed heart, and forbids us from exerting that power with which we are endued, and often with impunity, of annoying our fellow-creatures. The best of us sometimes, as in the case of my niece, from the first impulses of passion, or from error, imprudence, or inadvertency, may not be able to avoid being the cause of much calamity to some one whom we would not wish to suffer; but the happy disposition we find in ourselves to start at ills which we occasion, secures, generally at least, the lives, the fortunes,

and the honor of those we now only make in part unhappy. Without this impulse in the mind, we should never be a moment secure, but living in constant apprehension; should dread equally to meet a man as a lion. Does not the heart of my niece revolt at its own inconstancy? and rather than seem to authorise it, she foregoes her own happiness, though she cannot now recall, nor contribute to that of my son's; and with an exemplary justice and generosity, persists in being wretched, because he must necessarily be so. These examples occasion reflexions, which exasperate me exceedingly against those, who represent the Deity as a being who exercises tyrannically

cally his power, and who charge him with the imperfections which he punishes in us, supposing him to act as we should be afraid to do ourselves, lest we should offend him. In their contradictory opinions, he is represented sometimes as a being in himself unjust, and sometimes as one who hates injustice, and punishes it.

As much as I am afflicted for Felix, I cannot help being additionally concerned, that two persons, so worthy as the Marquis and Camilla, should be the sufferers: I always feel compassion for the unhappy, whether they are, or are not, immediately connected with me; even the insolent and undeserving, for whom I think my heart is obdurate,

whilst they are in prosperity, have, from the moment that they sink, the power of inspiring me with feelings that I should be very sorry not to be susceptible to. I hope our children will out-grow these passions which disturb their peace, and live to cherish and enjoy those which will contribute to it; and they will then be as blessed as they will make

Your affectionate

Friend and Brother,

G. FRANCFORT.

L E T.

LETTER XXXIV.

FROM MISS SUTTON TO MISS
FRANCFORT.

COULD my presence have been
of any service, I would not indeed
have left you; but I am not so happy
as to have power to influence you; and
after the determination you have taken,
what else can be injurious to your re-
pose? Reflexion will sometimes bring
conviction when argument fails; thus
a letter now and then upon the subject,
may be more efficacious than a never-
I 6 ceasing

ceasing conversation. Honor did indeed exact that you should be true to your engagement; and that you might suffer the less from that necessary obligation, I exhorted you frequently whilst at Southern Lodge, not to engage there your affections; but you, as if you meant to punish yourself for your inconstancy, took every step which could render your intended act of duty and fidelity a dreadful sacrifice. You have though, however, great as was the struggle, great as was the sacrifice, acquitted your conscience in that point: but Mr. Francfort, preferring positive misery to imperfect happiness, and refusing your once alienated heart, and unready hand, are you not then
at

at liberty? Yes, my friend, you certainly are; but not to make yourself and the Marquis both as wretched as your too exquisite and refined cousin persists in being. I cannot forgive either of you for not accepting the bounty of Providence; the very boon you ask and wish, because it is not bestowed in the exact manner which you require. I can excuse people who are carried away a little by their passions, if they will suffer reason to bring them back and restore them: you are now going to let a false notion of honour lead you far from that lover, and from that love, which but a little since, carried you from ought beside. As to Mr. Francfort, what he does is as unnatural,

unnatural, as if a merchant should order his ship to be burnt, because it had been in a storm, altho' it returns unhurt. But I say no more of him, whom I wish not to convert; my anger and my eloquence are both pointed at you, who, without contributing to his happiness, stand in the way of your own. You injure yourself, which must always be a serious and vexatious circumstance to

Your affectionate

EMILY SUTTON.

L E T.

LETTER XXXV.

FROM MISS FRANCFORT TO MISS
SUTTON.

My dearest and best Emily,

YOUR zeal for my welfare makes
you urge me to do that, which,
were the case your own, virtue and
honor would forbid. When we look
into ourselves, what satisfaction is our's,
to find upon examination, that there is
some rectitude in our hearts. This
pleasure, whatever it may cost us, still
has its charms; and we consider those
who

who have it not, as no better than wolves and tygers. Yes, Emily, were I always sure to follow inviolably this rule of equity which is now before my mind, I should think myself the first of mortals. I confess to you, I never saw any one shed tears without being insensibly softened and subdued; shall those then of this once loved man have no effect upon my heart, when I have caused them to flow rather through obdurateness and imprudence, than through necessity or inadvertency? Fate forbids that I should contribute to his happiness, but justice requires that I should partake in his sufferings. Though unable to do it, I would wish to eradicate passion and weakness from
my

my heart; but, believe me, whatever I feel, I wish not to banish from it justice, honor, and virtue. Did you mean, my Emily, to prevail? there was indeed a string, which, lightly touched, would have stirred my inmost pity, and shook my best resolves. I can reflect on my own unhappiness, and do exemplary justice on myself; but to bid me review the sufferings of the Marquis, and then exhort me to redress them,—Oh! my friend, what struggles might you have caused me! what injustice might you have made me wish to lean to!

This dangerous subject disturbs my peace; I seldom suffer myself to reflect on what he feels. Alas! he has no
advocate;

advocate, honor forbids. I dare not think on him. I make no doubt but my Emily's sentiments would be the same on the like occasion; and that mine may remain unalterable, is the wish of her whose happiness is now limited to the calm pleasure of doing her duty. You may pity

Your imprudent,

But sincere

C. FRANKFORT.

LET

LETTER XXXVI.

FROM FELIX FRANCFORT, ESQ. TO
HENRY OTLEY, ESQ.

IN a few days I intend setting out
for Bristol, in hopes of procuring
the only relief I can be capable of en-
joying,—an amendment of my health,
and which is the only thing that can
enable me to endure the sufferings of
my mind. My cousin, in whose
train there was wont to be health, hap-
piness, and hope, has now neither to
bestow on her wretched Francfort:
she

she has compassion, honor, remorse, and contrition, but, alas! she has not love, that requisite to make a husband blest; had she but that to bestow, that title which I now refuse and relinquish my pretensions to, I should think the most enviable upon earth: it would be purchasing my own felicity too dear, to obtain it at the expence of her's, were it possible I should be happy in marrying her; but I could not; I might make her miserable, which would be only adding to my own sufferings. You may remember that I once assured you, should I be unfortunate enough to have my suspicions verified, that I should see her the wife of the Marquis with more pleasure than I should take
her

her for my own. But her inconstant heart, not devoid of generosity or compassion, nor indeed wanting in any other virtue, but that which has proved my destruction, revolts at the idea of not sharing in my unhappiness, which she has not only occasioned, but cannot diminish, although her own happiness, and, I believe, what is still dearer, that of the Marquis, depends upon forgetting that there is such a wretch as myself.

I have seen Miss Sutton; she is the particular friend of my—Oh! my Henry, how little malice is there in my fond heart, which cannot banish thence the image of Miss Francfort, nor give up the loved idea that she is
mine.

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mine. But I meant some just eulogium upon Miss Sutton, when I was carried away from the subject by happening to mention her inconstant friend. I wonder not that any one, whose heart was free, should wish that Miss Sutton might render it otherwise; if you are not completely blest, reflect that it is not the person you love who opposes it, and that it is the heart, and not the hand, that must make you so; without you are indeed very essentially different from

Your forsaken

F. FRANKFORT.

L E T.

LETTER XXXVII.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

BEFORE you receive this, I shall perhaps have ceased to be a burden to myself, and to my friends. I came here in search of health, but shall most probably meet death, which will be to me still more desirable.

A few days after my arrival, some gentlemen at a coffee-house here, amongst other impertinent topics, of which they were totally ignorant, were speaking of our unhappy family affairs.

One

One said that two young men of fashion had long courted Miss Francfort, but she, not having discovered a particular partiality for either, had offended them both, and that they had agreed that neither of them would marry her, but to revenge themselves upon her, would leave her in the lurch. I could not help saying, that I knew that to be a mistake, for that one of the gentlemen was very desirous of that honor; that is then, I suppose, replied a third, Mr. Francfort, for he was the first admirer, and I think he ought not to refuse her; and indeed either, that she is willing to accept, is a scoundrel if he does. They had talked me into a reverie, and forgetting that I was in a public

public company, I replied, "He is
 "indeed a wretch!" They believing
 from my assertion, that one of them
 was ready to marry her, and having
 determined that that one was Mr.
 Francfort, it was supposed by all that
 it was the Marquis I pronounced to be
 a wretch; and after some few more
 idle remarks, being both embarrassed
 and offended, I took my hat, saying,
 "It was pity people should enter so
 "freely upon subjects which they were
 "intirely be ignorant of." The
 same evening I received a challenge
 conceived in the following terms.

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K

SIR,

“ S I R,

“ I KNOW not who, or what you
 “ are, but I understand that you have
 “ presumed to talk upon what you
 “ know nothing of, and have pro-
 “ nounced me to be a wretch for refus-
 “ ing to marry a lady whom I have
 “ paid my addreses to. I never did
 “ pay my addreses to that Lady; nei-
 “ ther did I ever refuse to marry her;
 “ though for certain reasons I should
 “ be a wretch if I did not, supposing
 “ she ever should be disposed to honor
 “ me so far. It so happens, that in
 “ pronouncing me a wretch, you have
 “ not miscalled me; but as you can-
 “ not

" not comprehend from what motives
" I am so, I demand the satisfaction of
" a gentleman; therefore if you are
" one, I shall expect to find you on
" Thursday morning at six o'clock, at
" ———, where you will be sure to
" meet

" D***.

" N. B. The person who was wit-
" nesses to the conversation in the coffee-
" room, though he knows not who
" you are, knows your lodgings, to
" which he will direct the bearer of
" this."

It appeared very evident to me, that what I had said had been misrepresented, as well as that the Marquis was entirely ignorant to whom he had sent the challenge. There was likewise an ambiguity in his stile; which, though it would not have been understood by another, plainly convinced me that he had, and did still mean to act honorably by me, and that he also was unhappy; therefore, though I tremble not myself at the prospect of death, I am sorry to meet the Marquis on this occasion; which ever of us may fall, it will be a grief to our families, and to Miss Francfort in particular, whose days, though I cannot render more happy, I should grieve even

even in my last moments to make more miserable. But it is impossible to disclose to him who I am ; that would not screen me from the imputation of having said something disrespectful of him upon the subject, it might perhaps rather confirm him in the opinion, and I should seem to discover myself more through cowardice than honor. Thus I sat down and wrote the following answer :

K 3

“ S I R,

“ S I R,

“ I DO not refuse to give you the
“ satisfaction you require, and have
“ but one request to make, which is,
“ that we may meet with pistols; for
“ though I do not care how soon, nor
“ by what weapon I lose my life, yet as
“ I came here on account of illness,
“ and am at this time exceeding weak,
“ I think your honor will not be sa-
“ tisfied with the easy conquest it
“ must gain by the sword. I doubt
“ not of your compliance in this
“ particular; and you may depend
“ upon meeting at your own time,
“ one

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"one whom you will find not to be
"your enemy, though your cho-
"sen

"ANTAGONIST."

LET-

L E T T E R XXXVIII.

FROM THE MARQUIS OF D*** TO LORD
ROBERT FILLIGARD.

OH! my Lord, how hard is the lot of man! not only born to suffer, but to create and fashion out himself the evil which consumes him. With this trembling hand, which scarce can hold the pen to make you acquainted with my wretchedness, I shot the heart where the image of my beloved Miss Francfort was deeply engraved. Oh! he was the truer lover!

lover! His faithful hand disdained to wound her much loved image, though in a rival's heart. I told you I had sent a challenge; but knew not that it was to the lover, to the cousin—Ah! there's my greatest grief! it was to the cousin of Miss Francfort. Tortures! will she ever bear the sight of him who has killed the son of her uncle? I find, my dear Lord, by the torments I now endure, and comparing my present situation with my past, that wretched as I then thought myself, and foreign as all thought seemed to be of ever being united to that charming woman, that I was not even then totally devoid of hope; it was then possible. Alas! miserable, forlorn, and hopeless wretch
that

that I am, it is now impossible! Custom! let me not call it honor; that I grant,—custom forbade this amiable and good young man to justify himself, till he had received a ball in his side; he fell—I ran towards him—he leaned upon his elbow—and with his hand sustained his tortured breast; but regarding me with a look of anguish and compassion, “My Lord,” cried he with a sigh, “you have killed one who is not a stranger to the unhappy affairs of the Francfort family; neither one who is your enemy, although your rival. I am myself the person who I pronounced to be a wretch; I also have refused to marry Miss Francfort; preferring
“her

“her happiness to my own, I rather
 “wished to see her your bride than
 “mine.” Here he sunk down with
 his face to the ground; I feared he
 was dying, and was hastening away to
 get some assistance, when he raised
 himself up once more; “I die, my
 “Lord,” continued he, “but death is
 “not unwelcome; I only grieve that
 “I received it by your hand; I wished
 “to have made you happy, and
 “should die contented, if I thought
 “this would not prevent your being
 “so; but, alas!”—His speech here
 failed him. I received him in my
 arms, crying, “Oh! too generous
 “Francfort, and too late known; if
 “you were capable of revenge, how
 K 6 “would

“would you triumph in the misery of
 “your rival, who is for ever con-
 “demned!” I could say no more;
 my sight grew dim, a chillness ran
 through my veins, and I sunk down,
 my arms encircling the far happier
 Francfort, who sunk with me,
 but never to rise again. We were
 found, and both taken up for dead.
 Ah! cruel destiny, still lives the
 wretched

D***.

L E T.

LETTER XXXIX.

FROM MISS FRANCFORT TO MISS
SUTTON.

I Am wild with dismay! the Marquis and my cousin (infatuated men!) have fought a duel. My poor cousin Felix is dead,—do I dare write, killed? Yes, Emmy, he is killed; and the Marquis—Ah! what will become of the far more unhappy Marquis? he will not fly; he has wrote to my father to tell him that he was the aggressor, the challenger, the murtherer; and

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L

that

that he is ready to surrender himself. What complicated misery awaits me?

My kind, humane uncle, in the midst of his agonies for his son, laments that the Marquis will not screen himself from that justice, which he considers himself bound to carry into execution. Thus think what must be the fatal consequence; think on the agonies of the Duke and Duchess of S***; think what the Marquis must himself feel, when he might fly to countries where he might not only remain in safety, but in time forget what a wretched sufferer he has left behind in your Camilla.

Alas!

Alas! my dear Emily, why am I
so cruel, to bid you think on these
things? happier would it be for you
to lose remembrance, if the thoughts
of them rend your heart, as it does
that of

Your lost Friend,

C. FRANCFORT.

P. S. My father is going down to
give orders about the funeral, and
the family vault is to be opened.
Him whom it is opened to receive,
will not distinguish the horrors of it;

L 2

but

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but frightful seems that abyfs of
sorrow, into which I am going to be
plunged,



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